

RABBI CAPTURES A BURGLAR.

SINGLE HANDED HE GETS NEGRO LOADED DOWN WITH LOOT.

Long Chase at Midnight Over Slippery Streets—When Cornered in Yard the Fugitive Showed Fight, but the Rabbi Thumped Him on the Head With a Pole.

Rabbi Solomon Foster, assistant at the Temple B'nai Jeshurun at Newark, captured a big negro burglar at midnight on Tuesday after a long chase over slippery sidewalks and streets and held him until six policemen came to his aid. Rabbi Foster is a well built young man, 3 feet 8 inches in height, and with his wife lives at 100 West 10th street, almost directly across the street from the home of his mother. After dinner on Tuesday evening he escorted his wife to his mother's house and left her while he attended a meeting at the synagogue. He did not return to his mother's house until 11 o'clock and remained there for some time after that. He glanced across the street several times, and when he was about to leave he saw somebody with a light moving about in the third story of his house.

"We all concluded it was burglars," he said, "as soon as we saw the light. I sent my wife to the telephone and asked her to let the police know of our suspicions, and while she was doing this I walked out on the street, hoping to see where the burglars went if they happened to leave before the police arrived. I went over to Milford and Clinton avenues, thinking that I might come across a policeman on his beat and get him to aid me. None appeared, and while I was standing there Mrs. Foster ran out on the porch of my mother's house and called, 'There they go! I saw two men step off our stoop and walk quickly down Clinton avenue. I started after them. They heard me coming and broke into a run, and so did I. Believe me, it was not bravery that prompted me to give chase, and at first I had no intention of engaging in any struggle. I simply wanted to keep an eye on them and let the police know where they had gone.'

"The pavements were very slippery on the avenue. All the way down Clinton avenue to Avon avenue and I followed them through to Barclay street, where the men separated. I kept shouting 'Stop thief!' Police! but nobody seemed to hear me. When the men parted company the shorter one went on to Avon avenue, while the larger, a big, strapping negro, turned back to Barclay street. He didn't seem to be going as fast as he might, so I concluded he was the one I would probably be able to follow the farthest and kept after him, allowing the other fellow to go his way.

"For about a half-block down Barclay street the man continued and then turned into a yard. I was close behind him and followed him in. At the back of the yard is a six foot fence, and this fellow tried to leap, but at the first attempt missed and fell back. By this time I was upon him and before I realized what I was doing had made an effort to grab him. He struck at me with his right hand, and I tried to jump the fence again, but for the second time missed because, probably, of his extra heavy clothing.

"Finding this means of escape futile, the stranger went to me again. He declared he had a gun and would kill me if I didn't leave him alone. I seized a long clothes pole and waved it about my head. What inspired me to do what I did I don't know, but anyhow I hit the fellow over the head a good blow with the stick. This made him reel, and for a minute he seemed dazed. He got his senses quickly, however, and tried the fence again, getting to the top this time, but before he could chance to go over he had grabbed him and pulled him back into the yard. Before anything else happened the policemen came running to my help and I let them take the man.

The negro said he was George Cook, 25 years old, of Atlanta, Ga., and refused to reveal the name of the man who was with him. A search disclosed why he could not climb the fence. He had on over his own trousers a pair of black trousers belonging to Mr. Foster and under his coat was a fur garment belonging to Mrs. Foster, while in his pockets were two diamond brooches, three gold medals, two gold necklaces, a pearl and diamond necklace, a gold watch, pearl pin, silver card receiver, silver match box, an opal ring and three pearl handled knives, belonging to Mrs. Foster. Besides a gold locket marked "N. S.," the Foster's knew nothing about.

TALE OF A SEMINARY VILLAIN.

With Chloroform and Masked—Young Porter Tells More About Him.

William C. Porter, son of Dr. William H. Porter of 1673 Broadway, who was carried unconscious from his room in Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass., in a fire there on Monday night, last, said today whether he will go back to school. Young Porter himself is willing enough to return, but after his mother had heard his account of his adventures there she put in an emphatic veto. Porter had hoped to enter Sheffield Scientific School next fall.

When fire was discovered in North Hall on Monday night all of the students except Porter walked out easily enough. He was found in his room unconscious and was carried out. At first it was thought that he had suffered from the smoke, but later a physician discovered that the young man's stomach was sore. Young Porter said that something had hit him. His account of what this was was both graphic and thrilling. The explanation given by the principal, Dr. Joseph H. Sawyer, is in comparison. To Dr. Sawyer's cousin mind the only explanation that presented itself was that Porter had a nightmare and hurt his stomach, and perhaps upset a lamp, by falling off a window seat or against a table. There had been a meeting of the Pi Beta Pi fraternity, of which he is a member, in the adjoining room. Here is young Porter's story.

Last Sunday some one removed \$20 from the boy's room. The next day he found a note on his desk, written on his own paper.

BILL: Be absent from your room at 9 o'clock.

A FRIEND. A gathering of the Pi Beta Pi clans discussed the note from every aspect. Some believed that the conscience stricken thief wanted to return the plunder. Porter wouldn't leave the room. He was tired, he says, and in the afternoon went to sleep on the window seat. The last man to leave the room looked the door behind him.

"The next thing I knew, Porter said, yesterday, 'was a clenching grip over my eyes that smelt like chloroform, or something like that. When I opened my eyes I saw a tall, young man in a slouch hat and mask. There was an accomplice with him. As I looked at the man he hit me a terrific blow in the pit of the stomach. Instead of knocking out my mind it made me sit bolt upright. Then I grappled with the villain and in a minute we were crawling on the floor in a free for all fight.

The fighters, said young Porter, worked their way into the adjoining room, the sanctum of Pi Beta Pi, and the masked assailant was too much for him.

"When he had got me down," continued the victim, "he took one of my trunks and dropped it on top of me. Then they both left, and the next thing I saw were flames that leaped toward me. I shouted 'Fire,' but it did no good. I struggled to get the trunk off, but couldn't. Then they came and carried me away."

Porter looks well after his adventure and doesn't seem to be over much perturbed by it.

MALLORY LINER AGROUND.

The Nueces Fast on Gulf Shore Five Miles From San Luis Pass.

GALVESTON, Tex., Feb. 8.—Agent Denison of the Mallory Line was informed to-night that the steamship Nueces is aground, broadside on, in thirteen feet of water five miles west of San Luis Pass. Agent Denison secured two powerful tugs and left at noon for the scene of the accident.

How Capt. Hix of the Nueces got so far off his course is a matter of mystery, unless he was driven by the deep and heavy current which for several days has been flowing southwestward off the shores. This, with the heavy weather making observations impossible, may have been the cause of the grounding, or the ship's steering gear may have broken down.

WOULD PROBE WARREN CHARGES.

Resolution in Wyoming Senate Demanding Inquiry Into the Senator's Acts.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Feb. 8.—A concurrent resolution was introduced in the Senate this morning by Senator Keyser reporting rumors of serious charges against United States Senator Francis E. Warren, and demanding a triple investigation by the state Legislature of Wyoming, by the Senate of the United States and by President Roosevelt. The resolution was promptly tabled by Warren's friends. The charges which the resolution asks to be investigated include the following:

That Charles M. Smith, a brother-in-law of Senator Warren, was kept on the Senate pay roll at Washington as a clerk of the Committee on Claims (Senator Warren chairman), at a salary of \$2,200 a year, while, in fact, he never served in such capacity in Washington, but stayed in Cheyenne all the time, turning his salary over to Senator Warren.

That Hiram Sapp, similarly collected \$144 from the government as an assistant clerk and turned the money over to the Senator, while remaining in Cheyenne.

That Fred E. Warren, son and namesake of the Senator, is drawing pay as an assistant clerk of the Committee on Claims although absent from Washington and a student at Harvard University.

That Senator Warren leased a building to the Government to be used as a post office while a United States Senator.

The Senate Warren has in violation of the Federal statutes, fenced in a vast area of Government land.

That Senator Warren used his influence to secure from the Government a contract for lighting Fort D. A. Russell at Cheyenne for the Cheyenne Light, Fuel and Power Company of which he was incorporator and a principal stockholder.

In Cheyenne it is told that the matter of the transferring of the pay checks of Sapp and Smith was called to Warren's attention by Henry C. Hay, formerly president of the Stock Growers' National Bank.

You're a fool to have these fellows endorse the checks to you, Senator, Hay is said to have remarked. "Why don't you let them deposit the checks in the bank for their own credit and then nobody will ever find out about it."

Senator Warren is said not to have heeded this friendly warning.

GETTYSBURG STUDENTS ESCAPED.

Some Got Safely Away From Smallpox Infected Town—Situation There Grave.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 8.—Notwithstanding the vigilance of the police and health officers, a number of Gettysburg College students who ran away from that institution to avoid smallpox and a long quarantine have made their escape. A careful watch is being kept for more students, and any young man will have to prove very conclusively that he is not infected to return to his liberty.

The situation in Gettysburg is grave. Arrangements were made for the erection of a temporary sanitary hospital on the college campus away from the building in which the two cases now in bed will be cared for. It was also said that the two cases in the town and the three outside of the borough would be looked after by the State Board of Health.

Four stores, a newspaper office, the Compiler, and the Gettysburg College are closed to outsiders. Railroad trains from Gettysburg are being stopped before leaving, and every precaution is taken to prevent any one getting away who has been in close proximity to the infected district.

The spread of smallpox is said to be due to neglect on the part of a physician who was in charge of one of the cases in the town. It is alleged that this physician came direct from an infected house without changing his clothes, and first visited a newspaper office, where he dictated a story. The young woman who took the dictation is now suffering with smallpox. It is also said that he visited other places in the town.

DEAF EAR TO THE ALLEN GUARD.

Then a Mix-up, an Arrest and a Police Court Discharge.

The usual copper stationed himself in front of the usual The Allen place at 80 Sixth avenue, yesterday afternoon, and made his usual remark:

"S' poolroom, 'lible to be raided 't any time."

A man who was deaf in the ear next to the cop came along, and walked right in. "Well, if you go in, I guess I'd better go, too," said the policeman.

"I guess not," said the man.

There was a little mix-up, more men came tumbling down stairs to see the fun, and it all ended by the first man's being marched off to Jefferson Market police court. The charge was disorderly conduct.

When Magistrate Crane heard Policeman Evans's story he said to the cop:

"You had no right to go in there without a warrant. Prisoner discharged."

Somewhat or other, the court room had filled with men in the half hour after the arrest. Immediately every man of the crowd rose and the regiment marched out, tagged by the released prisoner. He said that he was Bill Doyle of 84 Bridge street. Evans bails from the Mercer street station.

CHORUS GIRL LOSES SUIT.

Bay State Jury Says Robert Emmens Lee Doesn't Have to Marry Her.

BOSTON, Feb. 8.—In the \$30,000 breach of promise suit brought by Helen Bath McNally, a chorus girl, against Robert Emmens Lee of Watertown, the jury at East Cambridge this morning returned a verdict for the defendant. In response to Judge Bishop, who inquired upon what specific ground the jury found such a verdict, the foreman, Henry J. Ridge of Arlington, replied that they found the plaintiff had been guilty of misrepresentation both as to her chastity and her name, and that one of the letters which she had written to the defendant had released him from the engagement.

The jury took the case yesterday afternoon and remained in constant deliberation all through the night.

The Rev. C. H. Rannels Called to Brooklyn. A unanimous call has been extended to the Rev. C. H. Rannels, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Newton, N. J., to become pastor of the Memorial Baptist Church in Brooklyn, the successor of the Rev. George R. Stair, who recently resigned. It is understood that he will accept.

New Erie Ferryboat Ready for Service.

A new ferryboat, the Goshen, will be put in service on the Chambers street line of the Erie Railroad in a few days. She is of the latest type, having a propeller at each end, measures 224 feet and was built at Wilmington, Del. She has an engine capable of giving her a speed of 16 knots.

SEIZED WAX FIGURES MELT.

SAD RESULT OF COMSTOCK RAID ON DR. DI BOLS' "MUSEUM."

East Fourteenth Street Treats Itself to Free Shudders When Loads of Exhibits Are Lugged Off to the Station—The Doctor and Four Others Arrested.

The newswies and loothbatches around Fourteenth street and Third avenue enjoyed an exhaustive, though somewhat hurried inspection yesterday afternoon of the museum of Dr. Di Bolls' Museum of Anatomy, next door to Tom Sharkey's saloon, thanks to Anthony Comstock of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

It was just after 4 o'clock when Comstock, two of his agents, Charles Bamberger and John Deering, and Policeman Collins of the Tombs court squad appeared in East Fourteenth street with a warrant from Magistrate Cornell. The callers first gathered in the scholars' gentlemen with the cane and vocabulary, who stands outside and invites a wondering world to enter.

The crowd grew so rapidly that Comstock telephoned to Capt. Steve McDermott of the Fifth street station. McDermott sent Detectives Wasserman, Cahill and Barnes and followed himself. He took one look at the mob backed up on the (amman) Hall steps and telephoned for the roses from his own station and from three other nearby precincts.

Comstock took a running glance at the wax representations of things dead and alive, at the pictures and at the jars, which the gentlemen with the cane had but a moment before been describing as "scientific, instructive and interesting, teaching you the wonders of life and the terrors of disease," and ordered the whole lot to the station house.

Patrol wagons were summoned from the Mercer street, Fifth street, Eldridge street and East Twenty-second street stations. Each wagon made two trips to the Fifth street station. Life size figures of men and women unpleasantly cut up but still smiling peacefully were lugged gingerly into the wagons. The cops weren't taking chances with such exhibits.

The stuff was piled at the back of the station house, where the stove is. Pretty soon Sergt. Carson at the desk jumped up to see the lot of things being lugged into the stages of leprosy drop its head over its shoulder.

"The thing's moving, she'll melt," he exclaimed. "Look here, I fear we're running down the leper's nose. Then it dawned on him that waxen things would melt, and they were carted down cellar to hidden in straw bales.

Comstock made these prisoners: Dr. Daniel Di Bolls, a big man with a blond pointed beard, who said that he was a physician, 33 years old and lived at 74 Irving place; Frank Robinson of 319 East Twelfth street, the man with the cane; Harry Weissberg, who gave his residence as 145 East Fourth street, and who was Joseph C. Simmons of 142 East Fourteenth street, the ticket taker, and Emily C. Saul, 21, 30 West Seventeenth street, the cashier. McDermott says that he had his eye on the place ever since it started some months ago. He visited it and warned the proprietors, who said it was strictly scientific. So for fifteen months he was waiting the managers not to admit boys under 18.

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TO-DAY IT IS THE FROSTWORK AT NIAGARA FALLS.

At this season of the year, the spray rising from Niagara Falls covers the trees on the islands and about the Falls with a frostwork finer than any lace that was ever made, and presents on a bright, cold morning a scene of marvellous